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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

SONG OF THE DRUNKEN BUSINESS MAN

Don't try, little one, to keep hold of me.
Go home! There's a place for you by the fire.
Age is waiting to welcome you, love—
Go home and sit by the fire.

Into the naked street I ran,
Roaring and bellowing like a cow;
Shaking the walls of the houses down,
Proclaiming my dream of black desire.

*Eighteen letters in a pigeon-hole,
Eighteen letters in a pigeon-hole.*

If there's a thing in this world that's good it's guts.
I'm a blackbird hovering over the land:
Go on home! Let me alone.

*Eighteen letters in a pigeon-hole,
Eighteen letters in a pigeon-hole.*

Do you know, little dove, I admire your lips—
They're so red.
What are you doing out in the street?
Take my arm! Look at me!
Ah, you be gone. I'm sixty-five years old tonight,
Now what's the use of beginning again.

Song of the Drunken Business Man

*Eighteen letters in a pigeon-hole,
Eighteen letters in a pigeon-hole.*

Well, I'm tired. I ache. What's the use?
I can't meet the note. I have a son.
Let's go home. It's twelve o'clock.
I'm going to get that boy into West Point yet.

*Eighteen letters in a pigeon-hole,
Eighteen letters in a pigeon-hole.*

EVENING SONG

My song will rest while I rest. I struggle along. I'll get
back to the corn and the open fields. Don't fret, love,
I'll come out all right.
Back of Chicago the open fields. Were you ever there—
trains coming toward you out of the West—streaks of
light on the long gray plains? Many a song—aching
to sing.
I've got a gray and ragged brother in my breast—that's a
fact. Back of Chicago the open fields—long trains go
west too—in the silence. Don't fret, love. I'll come
out all right.